THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

THE AMERICAN LOUNGER.

BY SAMUEL SAUNTER, ESQ.

No. 156.

" Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque
" Carminibus venit."

THOSE arts which have contributed to the refinement of mankind have ever been the subjects of admiration, and the unceasing themes of eulogy. Of these, none are more ancient, none more delightful, than poetry. Almost coëval with language itself, its origin is hidden among the mists of remote antiquity, and its earliest efforts unpreserved by art, have long since declined into oblivion. The enquiries of the curious into its source have terminated in unsatisfactory conjecture; but the whole world has cultivated it as one of the happiest arts that can employ the imagination; and poets of real worth have stamped on the records of immortality, the productions of their inspired souls. The dictates of morality, clothed in the formal garb of precept, vanish too frequently with those who give them birth; the elucidations of physical science, covered with the veil of technical obscurity, become incomprehensible to mankind, and even the instructive annals of history are apt to perish through the caprice, the neglect, or the ignorance of men. But when the philosopher, or the moralist, displays his principles in the magnificent attire of verse, all posterity cherish them as combining the qualities of improvement and delight. The productions of Herodotus and Aristotle are confined to the cabinet of the learned, while the memorials of the genius of Homer and Anacreon are diffused throughout every rank of men.

Poetry, as the vehicle for pleasing instruction, as the purest, sweetest soothing to a troubled soul, as the richest product of an inspired mind, has always been unrivalled by any of its sister arts. In the early periods of antiquity, the objects which presented themselves to the view of men were new and astonishing. Their souls were untutored in the paths of luxury and vice; their conceptions were bold, striking, and original; and their imaginations vivid as the fire of heaven. Philosophy had not withdrawn from mankind the veil of ignorance, which has since been rent asunder by the progressive discoveries of succeeding ages, nor had religion taught the world the real source of life and virtue. Every object in nature had some peculiar faculty attributed to it by bold and inventive minds. Hence the Greeks bestowed upon the elements, and other inanimate objects which surrounded them, supernatural powers. In the landscape, and on the lawn, in the sheltered recesses of the grove, and on the lofty summit of the mountains, they beheld Dryads, and Fauns, and Satyrs. In the rivulets that flowed through their

plains, they fancied that they saw Nymphs and Demi-Gods; every stream was a Helicon, every mountain a Parnassus. This personification of inanimate objects gave to their language such a continued strain of metaphor, such glowing colours, tinged with the sweetness of simplicity, that every thing became a subject for the poet's fancy. Did storms and tempests thunder through the heavens, and terrify the souls of men? Jupiter was incensed. When the rich harvest yielded to the husbandman the welcome product of his toil—'twas Ceres smiled. And, if in arms, the exertions of the valiant failed—Mars or Minerva frowned upon their efforts.

The limits of excursive fancy were circumscribed by no bounds, and poetry embraced, with equal ease, the weightiest and the lightest thoughts. The grandest and sublimest themes received new splendor from the majesty of the Doric muse. The Eolian, by its enchanting sweetness, soothed the bitterest cares, and softened the most obdurate soul. Ionia's strains described subjects the most magnificent. Religion felt her power revive when accompanied with the Phrygian melody; and tears of sorrow flowed spontaneously at the plaintive sound of Lydian measures. Tyrtæus, by his warlike songs, awakened the desponding spirit of the heroes of Lacedemon, aud roused them to conquest, and renown. Archilochus inflicted pangs of deadliest poignancy on the victims of his satyric muse; and Minnermus, by his melting verse, infused draughts of love into the soul. In the holy temple, where eternal zeal blazed in incense before the altar of the gods, poetry was the vehicle of prayer. In the field of battle, where contending champions strove for the laurel wreath, and aimed to establish the glory of their country, the martial muse inspired them, and nerved their arms. In the soft blandishments of love, when care was banished, and words of melting sweetness fell from the roseate lips of beauty, the accents of desire flowed in verse. Why did Sappho plunge from the "frowning height" of Leucadia? Touched with the songs which she herself had sung, and fired with the image of her own creation, she rushed to destruction.

But neither love, nor war, nor religion, confined the boundless fervor of poetic genius. Government felt its sway, politicians trembled at its power, and one of the greatest legislators that antiquity can boast uttered the laws of Athens in tuneful measures.

In after ages, poetry assumed a different appearance, and the history of its professors' lives afforded matter equally interesting with their productions. Of the father of Epic poetry the admiring world records nothing but his writings, and his name. Homer lived—he wrote—and died. Contending cities may claim the honor of his birth, and rival ages dispute the merit of his time; but the strictest scrutiny into his life and character must for ever prove fruitless; and the sun of glory, which shines around the Iliad, affords not sufficient light to dispel the mists which obscure its author and to shew when and where he lived. But nearer our own days, when every circumstance clouding or adorning the character of genius has been preserved in the memory of men, Petrarch's piety and loves are memorable as his songs. His Laura, whose name is enrolled among the wonderful productions of time; his crown of immortality twined round his brows by the hand of wisdom and of virtue; his sacred retreat of Vaucluse, delightful as the vale of Tempé, every circumstance accompanying his character, is cherished as a legacy from heaven.

Never did an investigation into the origin of any branch of science, nor a contest for the honor of having invented an art, create more interest than is felt in the poems of the Caledonian bard. The learned have divided on the question of their authenticity; the lovers of simplicity and elegance have wasted argument in endless scrutiny, and the admirers of poetic excellence have entered with enthusiasm the lists of disquisition on a subject which can never be determined: but all mankind must

admire that genius, which produced the *Works of Ossian*. The son of Fingal appears, "like the beam of the rising sun, when he disperses the storms of the hill, and brings peace to the glittering fields." Cherished as the Muse's darling son, he depicts the noble manners of an interesting age; and is still superior to the malice of criticism and the malignant attacks of envy, whether he paint the mistress of his soul in all the glow of beauty, or tune his harp to deeds of war, when he sings "the tale of other times." Ossian's fame remains "like the oak of Morven," increasing, as years advance.

It is not my intention to particularise those who have shone in English poetry, for they are numerous as the stars of heaven. Several succeeding ages of the British history present to the admiring view one of the most enchanting prospects of poetic greatness, that have ever been witnessed in the annals of time. Imitation creates excellence, and one prodigy gives birth to another. The glory and renown bestowed by one age, upon those who render themselves worthy of fame, excite a noble emulation in that which succeeds, and hence a nation, once remarkable for literature, loses its reputation only by a convulsion which destroys its freedom. As one period produced Eschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, and another, Aristotle, and all the great disciples of the Socratic school, so, in the prosperity of England, almost every age has teemed with men of science and of genius. The commencement of the nineteenth century bids fair to rival any of its predecessors. Already have we boasted a Moore, a Strangford, and, with the zeal of an American, I add, a Fessenden.

J.

For the Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF BLACKLOCK.

(*Continued.*)

After applying closely for a considerable time to the study of theology, he passed the usual trials in the presbytery of Dumfries, and was by that presbytery licensed a preacher of the Gospel, in 1759.

As a preacher he obtained high reputation, and was fond of composing sermons. In 1760, when the nation was alarmed by a threatened invasion from the French, he published '*The Right Improvement of Time, a Sermon*, 8vo. He seems to have imbibed pretty deeply the apprehension of his countrymen. The sentiments it contains are just and solid, and the advices are calculated to be useful at all times, particularly in the prospect of national danger or distress.

The same year he contributed several poetical pieces to the first volume of Donaldson's 'Collection of Original Poems by Scotch Gentlemen,' 12mo. Mr. Blacklock ascribes the 'Epistle on Taste,' printed in this volume as Mr. Gordon's, to Blacklock, excepting the lines relating to himself.

In 1761, he published, '*Faith, Hope, and Charity, compared, a Sermon*, 8vo. Though this cannot be called a first-rate performance, it abounds with just and elegant remarks, and his favourite topic of charity is agreeably and forcibly illustrated.

In 1762, he maried Miss Sarah Johnston, daughter of Mr. Joseph Johnston, surgeon in Dumfries, a man of eminence in his profession, and of a character highly respected; a connexion which formed the great solace and blessing of his future life, and gave him, with all the tenderness of a wife, all the zealous care of a guide and a friend. This event took place a few days before his being ordained minister of Kirkudbright, in consequence of a presentation from the Crown, obtained for him by the Earl of Selkirk, a benevolent nobleman, whom Blacklock's situation and genius had interested in his behalf. But the inhabitants of the parish, whether from an aversion to *patronage*, so prevalent among the lower ranks in North Britain, from some political disputes which at that time subsisted between them and Lord Selkirk, or from those prejudices which some of them might naturally entertain against a person deprived of

sight, or perhaps from all those causes united, were so extremely disinclined to receive him as their minister, that, after a legal dispute of nearly two years, it was thought expedient by his friends, as it had always been wished by himself, to compromise the matter, by resigning his right to the living, and accepting a moderate annuity in its stead.

The following anecdote of Blacklock, mentioned in Dr. Cleghorn's Thesis, *De Somno*, happened, at the inn in Kirkcudbright, on the day of his ordination, and is authenticated by the testimony of Mrs. Blacklock, who was present, with Mr. Gordon and a numerous company of his friends, who dined with him on the occasion. It merits notice, both as a curious fact relative to the state of the mind in sleep, and on account of the just and elegant compliment with which it concludes.

'Dr. Blacklock, one day, harassed by the censures of the populace, whereby not only his reputation, but his very subsistence was endangered, and fatigued with mental exertion, fell asleep after dinner. Some hours after, he was called upon by a friend, answered his salutation, rose and went with him into the dining room, where some of his companions were met. He joined with two of them in a concert, singing as usual, with taste and elegance, without missing a note, or forgetting a word; he then went to supper, and drank a glass or two of wine. His friends, however, observed him to be a little absent and inattentive; by and by he began to speak to himself, but in so slow and confused a manner, as to be unintelligible. At last, being pretty forcibly roused, he awoke with a sudden start, unconscious of all that had happened, as till then he had continued fast asleep." Dr. Cleghorn adds, with great truth, after relating this fact, "No one will suspect either the judgment or the veracity of Dr. Blacklock. All who knew him bear testimony to his judgment; his fame rests on a better foundation than fictitious narratives; no man delights in, or more strictly adheres, on all points, to the truth.'

With this slender provision, he removed, in 1764, to Edinburgh; and, to make up by his industry a more comfortable and decent subsistence, he adopted the plan of receiving a certain number of young gentlemen as boarders, into his house, whose studies in languages and philosophy he might, if necessary, assist. In this situation he continued till 1787, when he found his time of life and state of health required a degree of repose, which induced him to discontinue the receiving of boarders.

In the occupation which he thus exercised for so many years of his life no teacher was, perhaps, ever more agreeable to his pupils, nor master of a family to its inmates, than Blacklock. The gentleness of his manners, the benignity of his disposition, and that warm interest in the happiness of others, which led him so constantly to promote it, were qualities that could not fail to procure him the love and regard of the young gentlemen committed to his charge; while the society which esteem and respect for his character and genius often assembled at his house, afforded them an advantage rarely to be found in establishments of a similar kind. In the circle of his friends, he appeared entirely to forget the privation of sight, and the melancholy which at other times it might produce. He entered, with the cheerful playfulness of a young man, into all the sprightly narrative, the sportful fancy, the humourous jest, that rose around him. It was a sight highly gratifying to philanthropy, to see how much a mind endowed with knowledge, kindled by genius, and above all lighted up with innocence and piety, like Blacklock's, could overcome the weight of its own calamity, and enjoy the content, the happiness, and the gaiety of others. Several of those inmates of his house were students of physic, from England, Ireland, and America, who retained, in future life, all the warmth of that impression, which his friendship at this early period had made upon them; and in various quarters of the world he had friends and correspondents, from whom no length of time, nor distance of place, had ever estranged him. Among his favourite

correspondents may be reckoned Dr. Tucker, author "The Bermudian," a poem, and "The Anchoret," and Dr. Downman, author of "Infancy," a poem, and other ingenious performances.

In 1766, upon the unsolicited recommendation of his friend Dr. Beattie, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him by the University and Marischal College of Aberdeen.

In 1767, he published "Paraclesis; or, Consolations deduced from Natural and Revealed Religion; in two Dissertations. The first supposed to have been composed by Cicero, now rendered into English; the last originally written by Thomas Blacklock, D. D. 8vo. His motive, he tells, in a *letter to a friend*, prefixed to this work, for translating the first, and writing the last treatise on 'Consolation,' was to alleviate the pressure of repeated disappointments, to sooth his anguish for the loss of departed friends, to elude the rage of implacable and unprovoked enemies, and to support his own mind, which, for a number of years, besides its literary difficulties, and its natural disadvantages, had maintained an incessant struggle with fortune. Of the 'Dissertation' ascribed to Cicero, he endeavours to prove the authenticity; but his arguments are by no means satisfactory. The generality of critics have questioned its authenticity. Dr. Middleton, in his 'Life of Cicero,' says, it is 'undoubtedly spurious.' The translation is well executed; it is both faithful and elegant. The second 'Dissertation' is mostly taken up with a clear and succinct view of the evidences of christianity, the professed subject of it; the consolation derived from revealed religion is touched upon towards the conclusion, though at no great length.

In 1768, he published, without his name, 'Two Discourses on the Spirit and Evidences of Christianity. The former preached at the Hague the 8th of September 1762, the latter delivered in the French Church at Hanau, on the occasion of the late Peace, to a congregation composed of Catholics and Protestants, translated from the original French of the Rev. Mr. James Armand, minister of the Waloon church in Hanau, and dedicated by the translator, the Rev. Moderator of the General Assembly, 8vo. The dedication, which is a long one, is chiefly intended for the perusal of the clergy of the Church of Scotland, but deserves the attentive consideration of all who are intended for, or are engaged in, the work of the ministry. The observations it contains are judicious and pertinent; the style is sprightly and animated; and the spirit it breathes, though sometimes remote from that charity, which on other occasions he so eloquently enforced, and so generally practised, is the spirit of benevolence and love to mankind. The discourses themselves are lively and animated; and the style of the translations clear, nervous, and spirited.

In 1733, he published, at Edinburgh, a poem, intituled, 'A Panegyric on Great Britain,' 8vo.; this poem, which is a kind of satire on the age, exhibits shrewdness of observation, and a sarcastic vein, which might have fitted him for satirical composition, had he chosen to employ his pen more frequently on that branch of poetry.

In music, both as a judge and a performer, his skill was considerable; nor was he unacquainted with its principles as a science. Whether he composed much is uncertain, but there is published in 'The Edinburgh Magazine and Review' for 1774, 'Absence, a Pastoral, set to Music, by Dr. Blacklock;' and those who have heard him sing, will, upon perusal of this little piece, have the idea of his manner and taste strikingly recalled to their recollection.

The same year he published the 'Graham,' an Heroic Ballad, in Four Cantos, 4to. 'It was begun,' he tells us in the advertisement prefixed to it, 'and pursued by its author, to divert wakeful and melancholy hours, which the recollection of past misfortunes, and the sense of present inconveniences, would otherwise have severely embitterred.' The professed intention of his 'Graham,' is to cherish and en-

courage a mutual harmony between the inhabitants of South and North Britain. To this end he has exhibited, in strong colours, some parts of those miseries which their ancient animosities had occasioned. His *Graham* is an affecting story, in which love and jealousy have a principal share. The narration is animated and agreeable; the fable is beautifully fancied, and sufficiently perspicuous; the characters are boldly marked; the manners he paints suit the times to which he refers, and the moral is momentous; and we perceive scattered through the whole piece, those secret graces, and those bewitching beauties, which the critic would in vain attempt to describe. But it is perhaps too far spun out, and the stanza in which it is written is not the best chosen, nor the most agreeable to the ear.

[*To be continued.*]

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

Mr. Oldschool,

I should be sorry if, in my former letter, I were understood to cast any censures upon American writers, to the exclusion of the English themselves. The language is disfigured, and put into danger of suffering, by both. There is, however, this difference, that the common errors of the Americans spring from a disregard of analogy and usage, and affected knowledge; while those of the English are the result of simpering inanity and unassuming ignorance. The first form new words; the second mangle and misuse the old. If, when you mean *men of influence*, you say, *influential men*, I hope you will not stop here, but denominate *men of power, potential;* the blessings of competence, *competential blessings;* topics of difference, *differential topics;* occasions of difference, *differential occasions;* and all persons of consequence, *consequential persons:* for this last, if bad example be authority, I can produce you as much as you can find for *influential.* If you *progress* in this manner, you will, indeed, have the satisfaction of forming, to the utmost of your wishes, the "American language;" and the prophecy of certain critics will be fulfilled, that, at the end of a hundred years, the Americans and English will not be able to understand one another. It will signify nothing that the two nations use the same words, if they use them in different acceptations. In all languages, though analogy is much, usage, arbitrary usage, is more; and it is only by an agreement in usage, that people render themselves intelligible to each other. You omit some parts of speech, you transmute others, you give new senses to verbs, and there wants nothing but that you should proceed as rapidly in your vocabulary: the time will come, when you will not "call a cat, a cat;" and this alteration is so much the more to be deprecated, as it will be brought about less by the invention of new words than by a *transposition* of the old; so that, when you talk of a *cat,* you will mean a *green cheese*: the signification, not the terms, will become foreign or obsolete; and what can be imagined more perplexing than a language that shall "keep the word of promise to the ear," and belie it to the mind; that shall deceive us with false shows and sounds, and pretend to be something with which we are acquainted, while in reality it is not. In many instances, the words of the English, French, and other languages, differ from each other very little in their formation or orthography, while their acceptations are totally foreign to each other; thus, nothing can be more distinct than the French and English acceptations of the word *sensible.* By changes similar to these, Locke and Pope will be rendered as unintelligible to your children as Gower and Chaucer are to yourselves; and we shall find among your advertisements of "Swiss Passengers for sale," and "A black woman and her child," terse and tempting offers, in what dialect I scarcely venture to imagine, of new and elegant translations of Addison and Hume, which some obliging bookseller will assure us he has "read with singular delight," and some urbane journalist "do himself the pleasure to recommend." Fortunate days, in which English liberty and English literature will be equally forgotten, or known only to your scholars, and in tropes and similes!—

I will not conceal, however, that this disuse of the English language might be attended with some advantages. It might for instance introduce a better protection to your seamen than even Mr. Wright's terrifying bill, which I am afraid will be

Like the forfeits in a barber's shop.
Made more in mock than mark;—

for, is it expected that the king of England will submit to have his officers, acting under his orders, treated as felons by any foreign power? and does *he* owe nothing to those who are bound to him in allegiance?

On the other hand, I am very far from insensible to the hardship imposed on an American seaman, impressed into the service of a flag not his own; and, as a national grievance I think it as bad a one as that of the American protections granted to Englishmen. The case, as the king of Prussia said of your original resistance to the British government, is "a little thorny;" the evil requires some remedy; and the country is indebted to Mr. Wright for his efforts: but to legislate for foreign subjects is an unjust and tyrannical act, if practicable; and an idle one, if otherwise;

and the third section of the bill is an insult to the morals of the age: a character which also belongs to the fourth, with this addition, that it is a piece of impolitic Utopianism. If the bill pass, I recommend it to every American seaman to get himself impressed immediately. Now, or never, my lads! sixty dollars a month, and English pay into the bargain!

Now, as the sameness of language is an excuse, if not, in most instances, an occasion, of the irregularities committed by British officers, I think the change I speak of the most effectual remedy of any; but, if this will not do, I would have the matter settled between the two governments, and not by municipal regulations. I have several *projets* in my head; but, as their effects would be altogether to the benefit of the United States, I am not very sanguine of their success; and, as their consequence would necessarily go far beyond the immediate object, I am by much too busied with nouns and pronouns, to enter into their merits.

I turn to the errors of English writers; and the greatest, or at least most mischievous, sinners among these, I take to be our poets. A facility of versification is a thing so distinct from the knowledge of a language, that we are not to be surprised if the one is often to be found in the absence of the other. Secondary causes of the evil are, a memory stored with the epithets and phraseology of more classic writers; an indiscriminate and unreflecting adoption of those of another description; a carelessness about the employment of those that are excellent in themselves; a presumptuous effort to give currency to weak inventions, whether borrowed or our own; a too easy acquiescence in the decisions of the ear, whether as to the words themselves or to the verse in which they stand; an indolent toleration of what we know to be wrong; and, an idle hope that this same toleration will be extended by the world. To the latter of these considerations, and as a lesson of the first importance to those who write poetry, either with vain self-sufficiency or modest thirst for excellence, I reply, that in every age, the cadence required in verse is so easily attained by all who have the gift of an ear, that he who possesses only this, should reckon upon no distinction derivable from his talent; but only felicitate himself (if he regard it as a subject for felicitation) that nature has qualified him for *becoming* a proficient in rhyme. I say *rhyme;* for the best rhymer, after all, may be but little of a poet, in whom we require, not only harmony of verse and competent learning, but imagination; which latter is another gift, and another subject for cultivation.

If it appear extraordinary, that I have placed a memory stored with the epithets and phraseology of other poets among the causes of the erroneous use of words in poetry, and if I be told that it is one of the first objects in the education of a poet, that he should learn the language of his predecessors, let me call to mind the severity with which it is requisite he should weigh the value of the terms he collects, and criticise those by whom they have been employed; let it be remembered how much danger, in any other case, there is, that he should treat them as mere sounds, and how readily the most vicious and unmeaning word, once recommended by its poetical use, presents itself spontaneously to the tongue, and,

—at some unlucky time,
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme.

But, am I advising the young poet to shut his ears to the "songs of the times of old?" certainly not; but I would have him not only repeat, but understand them.

To the causes of the perversion of language in poetry, I think it proper to subjoin the consequences. It is in literature, as in life, that faults, when in the company of excellence, if they do not receive a gilding which disguises their character, are yet, amid so much lustre, seen through too favourable a medium; so that if a poet, fortunately for himself, is able to impose upon the world a respect for, or even blindness to his imperfections, he becomes an authority for the abuses, or a false guide for the efforts, of others. It is for this reason, infinitely more than for a correction of a faulty writer, that criticism ought rigidly to examine, and distinctly expose, the errors into which he has fallen; and this so much the more, as his works have that share of beauty, that claim to perfection, by which they are perpetuated and supported: an argument which will apply in the most forcible manner to some animadversions which I shall presently have occasion to make. The poets, in all nations, and all ages, are the fathers of language, and they become its authorities; if the language they produce be bad, and their authority misleading, the evil is soon and every where felt; for, I will waste no man's time in labouring to show the importance of maintaining words in their accustomed signification.

I have hinted that words may be received as mere sounds; and this they certainly are when their meaning is not understood; a truth which is totally unconnected with Mr. Burke's doctrine, that words are in all cases but sounds; and of which we frequently meet with examples, among those ignorant persons who repeat words to which they have attached themselves entirely on account of their sound, and which they employ to signify something totally different from their true meaning. It is one of the extraordinary circumstances attending the poems of CHATTERTON, that they so rarely afford instances of this kind. Antiquarians, however, in his Anglo-Saxon, have detected a few; and I remember one in his modern English.

Among the former, is his use of the word *aumere* for a *girdle*, while it is pretty well proved to signify a *purse*. The latter occurs in the following couplet:

'Twas the Eternal's fiat, you reply;
And who will give *Eternity* the lie?

Here "the Eternal" and "Eternity" are used as synonymous. I repeat it, however, as not more extraordinary in CHATTERTON than rare among versifiers, the correctness of the language of his poems deserves almost unqualified praise; a fact at which we might be surprised, if it escaped our memory how much less men are indebted to their opportunities of improvement, than to the native character of their minds.

The literary errors of our poets are of several kinds. Sometimes they contrive a jargon of their own; sometimes they totally mistake the meaning of words; but it is chiefly in their epithets that they "out-herod Herod;" and it is commonly the difficulties of measure, or the charms of sound, by which they are induced to go astray. As to difficulties, they afford no apology; it is from them arise the triumphs of the art, and it is their existence which constitute the art. Χαλεπὰ τὰ καλὰ, the excellent is difficult; this is at once the warning and the boast that appears over the threshold of the arts. But it is to these difficulties that we must attribute such an inaccuracy as occurs in the first line of the following couplet:

Oh can the tears we *tend* to thought
In life's account avail us aught?

To *tend* is *to wait upon*, and not to offer, to *tender;* which last the poet would certainly have written, but that his verse must have had a foot too much. On such occasions as these, I earnestly recommend to the tormented bard a practice which I, another Aristotle, found on the practice of another Homer. The poet in question had occasion to speak of *momentary joys*, of the vanity of which we have all heard, but of which he was willing we should hear once more. So much for the will, which was certainly meritorious; but, for the deed—there was no reducing these five feet into the trammels of his iambics, but the remedy was at hand, at least as far as sound could go; and, accordingly, the verse ends most magnificently, with

momentous joys.

Sometimes, however, it is the taste of the poet, and not his measure, which dictates terms of which we must at least allow that they are euphonious:

And in her milky arms she caught me.

I attach very different ideas to the words *milky* and *milk-white;* and I do not believe that I am singular. A lady's arms may resemble milk, in respect of their whiteness; but I do not understand how they can be said to be *milky*. We talk of the *milky-way*, and, if I were commenting on an ordinary star-struck poet, I should have suspected that he had looked to this for his authority; but the author of this line is well aware that the milkiness in this case proceeds from milk actually spilled upon the firmament; or, if he will for once renounce the voice of fable, then the *milky-way* is still less to his purpose: for, a *milky* colour is an imperfect, bluish white; *milky*, but not *milk;* an epithet which I am sure he did not intend to apply to the arms of his "blushing girl." Milky arms are arms wet with milk, not white as milk. In the one phrase, we assume the whole substance of the object of comparison; in the other, only one of its qualities. I will not pursue this investigation further; for I should be led into the whole field of epithets and similies; neither shall I regret having pursued it so far, if it save some future poetic lover from singing of raptures enjoyed in the *arms of milk*, which were only the next and natural remove from the original idea: *nam bona mutantur in pejus; nunc quando in bonum verteris vitia?* Dictated by the same carelessness, or peculiar taste, I find, in another modern production,

Starlight eyes, and heaving snows.

Star-light is certainly the very reverse of *star-bright*. Starlight is dim, not superlatively effulgent. Starlight is the aggregate light of the stars, not the brightness of single stars; and stands contrasted with the superior brightness of ordinary day-light.

But, Mr. Oldschool, you and I have heard again and again of milk-white arms, star-bright eyes, and breasts of snow; we have been happy enough too, to see as well as to hear of them; and, perhaps, they begin to pall, if not upon the eye, upon the ear! Let no poet imagine this. Let him never make newness of language the object of his ambition. The charms of female beauty, like those of the flowers of the field, need no new and unheard-of language to set them off. Those epithets which universal consent has rendered common-place may still be employed without any apprehension that they will weary:

Chi non si scorga in lor nuova bellezza.

They are never seen without appearing to have new beauties. The occasion ensures their relish. More than all, let a writer, in attempting to be novel upon subjects which have employed the senses and thoughts of mankind from the beginning, be upon his guard against that which is rare only because it is wrong.

When a poet talks of a neck of ivory, a breast of alabaster, or a *breast of snow*, he presents to our imagination nothing more than that partial simile which he intends. It is with this correctness that the figure is employed in that exquisite sonnet of SHAKESPEARE—

Take, oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But thy kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh, hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears:
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

We understand by a breast of snow, only a breast of the whiteness of snow; and it is with a limitation of this kind that almost all similes and metonymes are received; but, when a poet sings of heaving *snows*, he gives us the whole substance, with *all* its qualities; and, in this view we discover, not the resemblance, but the dissimilitude. To travestie, to abuse, to overturn, the language of poetry in this manner, is to commit blunders the most extravagant; it is to cry *encore*, and yet not desire the same thing again; it is to contrive *double entendres* that have but one meaning; it is to unpoetise poetry. If nymphs are now to have

Starlight eyes and heaving *snows*,

how shall the next age discover in it any extraordinary effect of the lyre of Orpheus, that—

He burns, and he glows,
Amid Rhodope's *snows?*

Will it not think this a common amatory description, and *tout naturel?* for, whether Rhodope be a lady, or a mountain, will not trouble those who know not but "Bohemia may be an island in the Atlantic Ocean;"—and what aid of the imagination will they think necessary, to—

Wallow, naked, in December's *snow?*

Sir, it is impossible to foresee in what diversity of shapes this figure, so happily invented, may present itself among the poets of the *rising generation;* all, as Sir Archibald M'Sarcasm would tell their authors, "very fine, and very *new!*"

Mr. Oldschool, I will not close this letter without taking notice of a criticism to which I learn that I have subjected myself in my former. Fault is found with the word *bewilderment;* and censure of this kind is eagerly preferred against me, who have found fault with the words of others. All this is not only very natural, but very fair. I will make but a brief reply. Gentlemen tell me, that I might have used *confounded, confused, wonderment, amazement,* &c. I thank them; and when I am confused, confounded, in wonderment or amazement, as, alas! I very often am, I will avail myself of their advice: but, in the case in question, however little to the credit of my faculties, I was in *bewilderment;* and therefore I said so.

METOICOS.

P. S. There is a slight similarity between the turn of thought in the epigram of Lessing, and that in the following of Boufflers:

Impromptu fait à Versailles au Magazin de Porcelaines.

Fragiles monumens de l'industrie humaine!
Hélas! tout vous ressemble en ce brillant séjour:
L'amitié, la faveur, la fortune, et l'amour,
Sont des vases de Porcelaine.

Mr. Oldschool,

Consistency at the least is preserved, when American affairs are treated of in the 'American language;' but, when those of Europe are described in this dialect, the effect is grotesque in the extreme. I can allow a critic of the Philadelphia stage to tell us, of Mr. Mackenzie, the Hotspur of the other evening, that 'As he *progressed*, 'however, in this very arduous part, we be-'held with pleasure that he surmounted 'every difficulty incident to it, with admirable 'ease;' but I confess the jargon displeases, or rather perplexes me, when I find it employed upon Transatlantic topics. We are told that, in Vienna, 'Citizens of all classes, 'the most enlightened men, even the princes, 'are *opposed* to the war;' and that the dispatches of a courier '*inform* that the army 'of Prince Charles was retreating in great 'haste.' I say nothing about *subserve*, &c. &c.

QUIDNUNC.

For the Port Folio.

THE DRAMA.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

When, in the course of writing the letter which you have already done me the honour to insert, I opened the volumes of SHAKESPEARE, I felt all the difficulty of turning away from the treasures of that exhaustless mine; but I could not then trespass so far on your indulgence as to make those additional remarks on *Hamlet* which I am here to offer.

King.

But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son—

Hamlet.

A little more than kin, and less than kind.

Hamlet, as is natural in a man thoughtful and irritable like him (to say nothing of the manners of SHAKESPEARE's age), is continually, as we familiarly say, catching at words. His dissatisfaction with the king is extreme. His ruling idea is that of the misfortune, or crime, through which he has become more than cousin to his "father's brother;" but he revolts at the attempt to

represent him as his *son;* and this is the point of his reply:

But now, my *cousin* Hamlet, and my *son*—
A little more than *kin*, and less than *kind;*

as if he had said, It is my unhappiness, sir, to be more than cousin to you; but, thank God! I am yet not your son. Hamlet, whose character I reckon the most arduous represented on the stage, because it is of a class the most rarely depicted, and because it is, perhaps, the most highly finished; Hamlet is not in the habit of saying these things with that noisy vehemence, or coarse insolence, which form the colouring of vulgar heroes; but he is careful and eager to mark distinctions, which his feelings render immensely wide.

But, though the thought is one that naturally follows the sentiment of the King, it cannot be denied that the phraseology is abrupt. Hamlet does not play upon the words *cousin* and *son*, but suddenly substitutes two others. Here, the commentators supply a useful hint. Mr. Stephens says he has met with the expression more than once, and supposes it to have been proverbial. The precise meaning of the proverb, however, does not appear to be so certain; nor, consequently, the precise force of Hamlet's reply; and I will fairly state what may render doubtful the explanation I have given. Hanmer appears to imagine that this proverbial phrase expressed the peculiar relation in which Hamlet stood to the King; "a relation so confused and blended, that it was hard to define it:"

A little more than *kin*, and less than *kind.*

If it be so, then the whole phrase is opposed to the single word *son*, which it explains away: I am a little-more-than-kin-and-less-than-kind, but not your son; and, in this case, there is no play on words, but a direct contradiction.

There is an essential difference between a proverbial phrase and a proverb; the one is a manner of speech, the other a popular sentiment: if the phrase in question be a proverb, I can understand it no otherwise than as conveying a reproach on one who, though more than a distant relation, is at the same time not so kind as might be expected in one less nearly allied; but, in this sense, I am clear that Hamlet does not use it. There may, notwithstanding, be an intended, though secondary, equivoque, on the word *kind*, as implying both a *child* and the the quality of *kindness;* and such multiplied meanings may easily be expected in SHAKESPEARE. All that appears to be certain is this, that the word kind is of Teutonic original; that *cynne* in the old Saxon, and *kinde* in the modern German, signify a *child;* and that the modern English still preserves *kin*, *kindred*, and *to kindle* (to bring forth young), and *kind*, and *kindness*, derivatives of *cynne*, and signifying so much more than *benevolence*, as they imply the tender and zealous benevolence, and offices of benevolence, to be expected from consanguinity. On the whole, I adhere to the reading I have above given.

I have now only a few words to add, and which relate to a very singular comment, found in Ayscough's edition of this play:

Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!

"*Resolve*," says the note, "means the same as *dissolve*." It is well that SHAKESPEARE knew better.

It rarely happens (what, however, some persons perpetually imagine) that several words, though applicable to the same object, are strictly synonymous; and it is a conviction of this truth, and a steady use of it, that distinguishes a great writer from the crowd. Of the language of ordinary writers, we frequently say, "This is not exactly the word that expresses the thing intended, but it is easy to see what it should be:" but a writer really eminent in his art (and herein consists one branch of his art) gives us that word itself. Every one that has ideas may describe them, as far as a confused and indistinct circumlocution can go; and when such language is written down (for it then loses the assistance of delivery) we see that the good man has had the best designs; but he that would present clear images, he that would do that by words which others attempt to do by periods, by paragraphs, and I may say by volumes, must make a very different estimate, and possess a very different knowledge, of the instruments he employs.

To *resolve* signifies to separate again; to *dissolve* signifies merely to separate. That which, from a solid, is reduced to a fluid, is *dissolved;* that which, from a fluid, is rendered a solid, and, from a solid, is again reduced to a fluid, is *resolved:* water become ice, and then thawed, is *dissolved*, inasmuch as it is rendered fluid; but *resolved*, inasmuch as, having been fluid before, it is rendered fluid again.

Resolved, then, does not mean the same as *dissolved;* and, after thus considering the true meaning of the word, shall we be disposed to join in that commendation given by the *Theatrical Censor* to Mr. Fennell, for having pronounced it *re-solve?* I am of a contrary opinion, and for this reason: an accumulation of words, precisely similar in signification, is a thing very different from that affluence of language observed in SHAKESPEARE. When, after employing one term, we superadd a second and a third, it should be for the sake of enlargement, or explanation, or other qualification: there should, in all cases, be a sort of climax, either of sense or perspicuity. Now,

in the words "melt, thaw, and resolve," it is obvious that *melt* is well followed by thaw; because, to *thaw* is to melt in a particular manner, or it is the melting of particular substances; but, when we come to the third verb, wherein does to *resolve* differ from to *thaw?* Whereas, if *resolve* be taken, not in its primitive, but secondary, sense, then the climax I have spoken of needs no better illustration than the passage in question:

—— melt,
Thaw, and *reduce* itself into a dew.

For, Hamlet wishes his "too, too solid flesh to melt, thaw,"—and what more?—Why, that there may remain no cohesion of parts, but that they may be separated, scattered, and lost in "a dew;" all which is expressed by the word resolve: but, to *re-solve* is nothing more than to *thaw*. The reason of this is, that the word *solvo*, in its primitive sense, refers only to the *act* of separation, while the other takes in the *consequences*. I ask the *Theatrical Censor* to tell me, What it is he understands by "melt, thaw, and re-solve?"

INQUISITOR.

For the Port Folio.

LEVITY.

[My correspondent, if really of the family of Old Style, of New York, is a wit by hereditary right; and has a claim upon me for a ready insertion of his letter. We are glad that he does not deny the *fact*, as stated by 'Viator.' Of the innocence and simplicity of the custom, we have never had but one opinion.]

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Permit me to offer you a few words in addition, or confirmation, of what was observed by 'Viator' in your last number, concerning bundling. I subscribe to the fact, that the practice does exist on Long Island; but I feel inclined to dispute the inferences hinted at by Viator. To give my opinion the greater force, I must observe to you, that I was brought up on Long Island, and am a sojourner among ye, as our author once was among the people of my native state. I fancy Viator got his knowledge of bundling from hearsay, or, if he has seen it, he must have seen all, or nearly all, and imagined the rest. Now, I wish to prove to you, that though the practice of bundling is still continued on Long Island, it is not so criminal an intercouse as is generally supposed. To do this, I shall be obliged to describe the process of bundling, which I hope to do from my own experience, and not from the tales of others; though I must confess, I never was much practised in Moore's 'little sinnings in love.' Being a branch of the family of 'Jonathan Old Style,' I was always brought up in simplicity, till lately taking a notion to travel, I have become a little more extravagant, but not having lost all love of my native rusticity, and love of my dear country. I have arrived in Philadelphia time enough, I hope, to remove false constructions, and bad impressions, which the public may have received from Viator's communication.

My uncle Timothy, who is now an old man, gave me my first ideas of bundling. He is native of Long Island, and in his youthful days, it was more fashionable, than it now is, to bundle. The fashion evidently declines, owing to people putting wrong constructions on the business, and attributing to young men what they never did, or do not intend. It is not contended, that improprieties may not be committed in these scenes, but the old people do not, surely, always shut their eyes, or cough, that they may not hear; for my uncle says, when he was young, they were sometimes suspicious. He was once routed from Charity's side by her father, and he made his escape through the window, at the expense of his neck. He only lay on the bed with her (mind, on the bed, and not in it), and only had his over-coat and shoes off. He has declared to me, in relating this story, that he never did, and never intended, any harm; and with equal simplicity and good intent I have grown into the practice. If there is any thing unchaste or wicked in it, I am in hopes to be cured by travelling, since nothing improves one so much, though as yet I have not seen much more of the world than my countryman, who related his travels all over the United States, and had only travelled on foot from Rye to White Plains (about fifty miles).

Young men on Long Island are called Sparks, and what in other places is called courting, we call sparking. This is a provincial word, as well as *rambellious*, which is a state of the system (as the doctors say) where the blood is determined to a particular part, and is generally consequent upon a sparking match. Bundling is a branch of sparking, and is no more than a method of varying the bliss of love, since all mankind are fond of trying 'inventions of delight.' The people of my country spark by a poor fire, and, as observed by Viator, without a light; and I fancy you know what effect cold feet have upon a person.

Bundling, I would define to be, the act of laying down, with our dress on, upon a bed, by the side of a rustic nymph, without malicious intentions. Perhaps you think this cannot be done, since you, Sir, judge from your knowledge of cities, where the young men are generally debauched. Evil to him, who evil thinks! We can do it, and think no more of it; and no more harm follows,

than from your kissing the cheek of a fine city lady.

We are so harmless on these occasions, and so unsuspicious are the girls, that we scruple not to bundle at a ball, or a party. After one set has danced a figure, the boys (so we call the young men) frequently retire to the bed-room, and rest themselves with their partners, by taking a short bundling match. When they feel revived, they again dance. But here, Sir, there is no unpinning or unbuttoning. If we are on a fishing party, while some amuse themselves with the line, others bundle. The boys sometimes set out on horseback, get partners, borrow a waggon there, club their horses, and go to a dance. If dark and cold, in returning, they borrow blankets, set the fiddler at driving, and bundle all the way home in the waggon. This, Sir, is a sketch of my knowledge of the matter, which, if agreeable, is at your service.

Adieu.

F.

For the Port Folio.

VARIETY.

Variety is charming,
Constancy is not for me,
So, ladies, you have warning.

OLD BALLAD.

In the following exquisite Parody, the sentiments are not less admirable than the talents of the author. We have often expressed our contempt for *German* plays, and we are happy to fortify our opinion of the Teutonic Muse, with the wit of a man of genius, and a polite scholar.

Ode to the German Drama, by Mr. Seward.

A Parody of Gray's Ode to Adversity.

Daughter of night, chaotic Queen!
Thou fruitful source of modern lays,
Whose turbid plot, and tedious scene,
The *monarch* spurn, the *robber* raise.
Bound in thy necromantic spell
The audience taste the joys of hell,
And Britain's sons indignant grown
With pangs unfelt before, at crimes before unknown.

When first, to make the nations stare,
Folly her painted mask display'd,
Schiller sublimely mad was there,
And Kotz'bue lent his leaden aid.
Gigantic pair! their lofty soul
Disdaining reason's weak control,
On changeful Britain sped the blow,
Who, thoughtless of her own, embraced fictitious woe.

Aw'd by thy scowl tremendous, fly
Fair Comedy's theatric brood,
Light satire, wit, and harmless joy,
And leave us dungeons, chains, and blood.
Swift they disperse, and with them go,
Mild Otway, sentimental Rowe;
Congreve averts the indignant eye,
And Shakspeare mourns to view the exotic prodigy.

Ruffians, in regal mantle dight,
Maidens, immers'd in thought profound,
Spectres, that haunt the shades of night,
And spread a waste of ruin round.
These form thy *never*-varying theme,
While, buried in thy Stygian stream,
Religion mourns her wasted fires
And Hymen's sacred torch low hisses, and expires.

O mildly on the British stage,
Great Anarch! spread thy sable wings;
Not fired with all the frantic rage,
With which thou hurl'st thy darts at kings.
As thou in native garb art seen,
With scattered tresses, haggard mein,
Sepulchral chains and hideous cry
By despot arts immur'd in ghastly poverty.

In specious form, dread Queen! appear;
Let falshood fill the dreary waste;
Thy democratic rant be here,
To fire the brain, corrupt the taste.
The fair, by vicious love misled,
Teach me to cherish and to wed,
To low-born arrogance to bend,
Establish'd order spurn, and call each outcast friend.

The last Stanzas of the ensuing burlesque have been published before. But we are studious to preserve the whole of a very successful sarcasm upon Shenstone and Co.

HINT TO PASTORAL WRITERS.

Your Poet most saucily writes,
On subjects he can't understand,
And talks of the "Village delights,"
Up three pair of stairs in the Strand.

He sings of the sweet gentle zephyrs,
So charming to those who an't near 'em,
Lambs bleating, and mild lowing heifers,
So pleasant to those who don't hear 'em.

Of shepherds, as true as the Sun,
Of damsels as chaste as the moon;
If the Poet means aught but his fun,
I'll tell him another tale soon.

His zephyrs I cannot espouse,
For often my corn they will parch;
And I know that the roof of my house
Was most sweetly blown off in last March.

The cow, in my yard, which I keep,
All night does her calf so bemoan,
That I can't get a wink of good sleep,
Though I'm weary and lying alone.

Of nymphs, and of swains, what they say,
I never could read but I smil'd,
For my shepherd's—at *Botany Bay*,
And my dairy-maid's *always with child.*

A honey-moon Parody, occasioned by the marriage of a certain Irish journalist.

Tune—"*Friend and Pitcher.*"

The wealthy Feds, with gold in store,
Will still desire to grow richer;
Give me but these, I ask no more,
My bonny bride, my Lloyd, and Pitcher.
My Lloyd so bare, my wife so fair,
With such what Paddy can be richer?
Give me but these, a fig for care,
With my sweet bride, my Lloyd and Pitcher.

In dirtiest job I'd never grieve
To toil a Democratic ditcher,
If that, when I return at eve,
I might enjoy my Bride and Pitcher.
My Lloyd so bare, my wife so fair,
With such what Paddy can be richer?
Give me but these, a fig for care,
With my sweet bride, my Lloyd and Pitcher.

The popular Burletta of Midas has been long in vogue, and its easy and humourous airs have been sung by our grandmothers. Every one remembers the jocund song of the Old Shepherd:

"Since you mean to hire for service,
"Come with me you jolly jolly dog."

Let it be parodied, and, instead of the Shepherd and his Man, let the interlocutors be one of our Irish Journalists and his paragraph grinder, who escape from Newgate to America.

Since you mean to climb my garret,
Come with me, you growling dog,
Squalling nonsense, like a parrot,
Railing, lying, drinking grog.

With three cents, your standing wages,
You shall scurvily be fed,
Cowheel, oxcheek, lights, and liver,
Skimmed milk, and mouldy bread.

Come, strike hands, you ragged rover,
When from thraldom once you flee,
When Aurora's labours over,
You shall booze in *Gin* with me.

Done—strike hands, I take your offer,
The felon side is rather worse,
Zounds, I can no longer suffer,
Empty paunch, and empty purse.

The following character, drawn by a great Painter, is a close resemblance of many a sinful mortal.

He swears as many oaths as he speaks words; one that sleeps in the contriving of lewdness, and wakes to do it. Wine loves he deeply, dice dearly, and in women out-paramours the Turk. False of heart, light of ear, and greedy of hand: let him keep his foot from brothels, and his pen from lender's books, and defy the foul fiend.

Vide Shakespear's King Lear.

Shakespear has vividly described what the French call a *bon Diable:*

"I am a fellow of the strangest mind in the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether. I am good at these kickshaws as any man in Illyria; I am excellent in a *galliard*, and, faith, I can cut a caper; I can go to church in a minuet, and come home in a coranto; my very walk is a jig."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

'Master Slender's' verses are gratefully inserted. This poet, like his immortal namesake, has his little "book of songs and sonnets" and writes poetry. "All his successors gone before him have done it, and all his ancestors that come after him may." Seriously, our correspondent may assume the name of Slender, but he belongs to a family of much more intellect.

"Mercutio," the gay the gallant Mercutio, is neither fighting with Tybalt nor jesting with Romeo. He is alive, but not always merry. We challenge him to *come out*, and break a lance with the *Roman* knights, or draw the sharp poignard of lampoon against the absurdities of the hour.

The Lounger, with the signature of 'J,' is not only a very pleasing sketch of the sorcery of song, but is highly creditable to the youthful author, for purity and neatness of English style. A *habit of industry* in this gay department of literary composition will not only oblige us, but benefit him.

'Jaques' *sighs away Sundays*, but, in the intervals of his suspiration and of his devotions, we hope he will find leisure to call to his Muse for a song with a "prythee more," or at least, to "comment upon the sobbing deer."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

[The inclosed are part of a collection of poems, written by a young gentleman (at present) of this city. The only apology for their imperfections is the youth of the author, as they were all written before his 21st year, and many of them before his 16th. If they be thought worthy of the notice, at any time, of the editor of the Port Folio, the author will be gratified by their insertion, as, though so far remote, he still peruses that entertaining and useful miscellany. C. B.

Quebec, Dec. 24, 1805.]

None of these trifles ever appeared in print before.

TRANSLATION FROM BION.

As late in slumber wrapt, I lay,
Venus approach'd me blythe and gay;
Her infant Cupid by her side,
And thus in friendly accents cried;—
" Dear Bion, take this child from me,
" And teach him how to sing like thee!"

She spoke, and into air retir'd;
Whilst I (with proud ambition fir'd),
Fool as I was, began with joy,
To teach my music to the boy!
The pipe of Pan, Minerva's lute,
The lyre of Hermes, Phœbus' flute,
These all I labor'd to impart;
But the wild stripling spurn'd my art;
And, raising high his amorous songs,
Taught me the music that belongs
To themes immortal, themes that move
To all his Mother's charms of Love!
Till I forgot my wonted lays,
And now but sing what Cupid plays. C. B.

From Moschus.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

O Hesperus! fair Venus' evening light;
The sacred glory of the dawning night;
Less than the moon, but fairer than the stars,
O hail!—and since that setting moon debars
Her blaze, bestow thy more propitious ray
To whose fair influence yields the closing day!
I come not thus, with false designing soul,
The nightly wand'rer's musings to control;
But thou art Venus, thou my love canst see,
And Love allures me to converse with thee.
C. B.

From Moschus.

CUPID TURN'D PLOUGHMAN.

His wonted torch and arrows cast away,
Cupid usurp'd the ploughman's rude array;
Coupled his oxen in the rustic chain,
And strewed his harvest o'er the fertile plain!
Then cried, whilst smiling on the heav'ns above,
'Burn up these vales of Ceres, mighty Jove,
'Lest you yourself, *Europa's bull*, should bow,
'Ere long, beneath my unresisted plough.'
C. B.

FROM CASIMIR.

Nero's Mother addressing him when about to kill her!

Why does thy sword thus destine to the tomb
Thy mother's bosom and thy mother's womb!
Support and life that womb and bosom gave,
Each claim thy love and duty—not the grave!
Ah no! 'tis false! the breast and womb that hurl'd
Thy tyrant being on a wretched world,
Are worthy both, in death, with blood to flow,
And *Nero* worthy to decide the blow! C. B.

FROM CASIMIR.

From Christ's dying exclamation—'I thirst!'

'I thirst,' the Prince of Heav'n expiring cries;
'I thirst'—and lifts his agonizing eyes!
O drink, my spouse, and satiate thy call,
Though the sad cup, embitter'd, tastes with gall;
Yet drink, my spouse—to heav'n's high will resign'd,
And be the health—'Salvation to mankind!'
C. B.

SIR,

The following tribute to one whom we all love to praise, has been *tried*, like Cumberland's 'Observer' in an obscure paper. It now, however, ventures to solicit your approbation. It is a translation of a Greek ode, written by THOMAS MOORE, Esq. and prefixed to his late elegant version of the Odes of Anacreon, in order, as he informed me whilst he was in this country, to illustrate the frontispiece of the first quarto edition.

The argumentative part resembles a dialogue, supposed to have been held between Aristotle and Anacreon. It is quoted by Joshua Barnes, in his elaborate *Vita Anacreontis*, as from a work, which he calls *Novi Dialogi Mortuorum*; and the extract he gives is also in the Latin language.

Upon a further research, I find that this passage, which has every appearance of being from a Latin work, is merely a translation of a part of a dialogue in the celebrated *Dialogues Nouvelles* of the French Lucian, Mons. Fontenelle.

Once the Bard of Teïos smiling,
With his harp his hours beguiling:
Sweetly swell'd the jovial strain
Into pleasure-melting pain.—
The sparkling goblet pass'd around,
Enliven'd by melodious sound:
The gentle loves their force combin'd,
And in their arms the Poet 'twin'd.
They rais'd the song of Hymen's chains,
And sang the joys of Cupid's pains.

With choicest flowers of various hue,
With lilies white and violets blue,
Their hands a rural garland made,
To crown the gay Anacreon's head.

Now from Jove's empyrean groves,
Minerva views the sportful loves:
And, as they twin'd the mazy dance,
In accents bland she broke their trance.
'Since on earth the sages call
'Anacreon, wisest of them all,
'Why doth the beauteous Queen of Love
'And Bacchus, *all* thy numbers move?
'Why only sing in amorous lays,
'Nor let thy harp resound my praise:
'Why prefer the nymphs and wine?
'To every sober love of mine.

'Nay, chide me not,' the Bard replies,
With pleasure beaming in his eyes,
'That all on earth unite to call
'Anacreon wisest of them all.
'I dance and sing—my fingers roll
'O'er the chords that melt the soul:
'Around in crowds my vot'ries play,
'List'ning to the rapt'rous lay.
'And though from wit I ne'er refrain,
'I scorn the jest that leaves a pain;
'Since, like my harp, my soul affords
'Nought, but love's harmonious chords.
'Thus I live, my soul and lyre,
'Nought but love and joy respire.
'Thus am I the friend of mirth,
'Thus am I most wise on earth.

SEDLEY.

TO MY FRIEND THOMAS!

Quid bellicosus Cantaber, et Scythes,
Hirpine Quinti, cogitet, Adriâ
Divisus objecto, remittas
Quærere:

Dear *Tom*, thy pate no longer teaze
'Bout what they're doing 'cross the seas;
I guess they've business plenty;
But, should they try to *do us harm*,
Why, damme, let our *youngsters* arm,
We're both past *six-and-twenty*.

I like that system, which supports
No idle waste of fleets and forts;
For those enrage your foes:
When Britain, France, or even Spain,
Kick us, did we kick back again,
We'd get some ugly blows.

We felt a little queer or so,
When that *big-whisker'd plenipo*
Convey'd his swaggering letters,
Which spoke, as plain as pen could tell,
'Parbleu! ye yankee imps of hell,
'We'll make ye know your betters!'

If fight we must, why you and I
Prefer the plan of *fighting shy:*
And, when 'tis time to squat us.
Such *cunning hiding holes* we know,
The devil himself must be our foe,
Before the rogues get at us.

[A gentleman who had used his scissors in extracting, not only from the Port Folio, but from many other papers, and even the Aurora itself, some of the moral, didactic, and descriptive pieces, which were published in the first, and such prominent articles of European intelligence, and political speculation, as he chose to take from the last, pasted the whole, at the end of the year, in rather a slovenly manner, and without any attention to arrangement, on the leaves of a blank book, which he had obtained for the purpose. His friend was requested to furnish something, by way of introduction, and those who have made similar selections, and are too lazy, or too busy, to write a poetical preface for themselves, may use the following]

Dedication, to all sorts of People.

BY MASTER SAMUEL SLENDER.

When Eastcourt* invited his neighbours to dine,
To eat mutton and beef, and drink porter and wine;
It was always agreed, that each guest who came there,
Should bring with him some meat, or some wine, or some beer.
So one brought a sirloin, and one brought a joint,
One furnish'd a bottle, another a pint;
A potato itself was a competent boon,
Or a knife, or a fork, or a dish, or a spoon;
And some were admitted to sit and to soak,
Who had nothing to bring, but a song or a joke.

A feast in like style we 've endeavour'd to make,
And you all are invited to come and partake;
'Tis true that no food for your stomachs you 'll find,
But you 'll get what is better—some food for the *mind.*

Our Olio is made up of ethics enough:
And of poetry, politics, law, and such stuff.
The ingredients are sound, and without any fault.
Well season'd with vinegar, pepper and salt.

The *food*, we confess, is not *dress'd* with much care,
Nor the table-cloth laid with much neatness, we fear;

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* Master Slender supposes that, at the moment his friend Goldsmith was writing the Retaliation, he might not have considered that the origin of Pic Nic clubs was not exclusively referable to the husband of Madame Maintenon.

But then, bear in mind, you 've read in your books,
'Though the Lord sends you victuals, the Devil sends cooks.'

The mixture of *company*, too, you 'll think strange;
Some are brought from the college, some taken from 'change;
An emperor's chair is put next to a cit,
And an alderman 's placed along-side of a wit;
Fraud sits down with Virtue, and Truth with Chicane,
And D—e is station'd quite close to Duane.

But cease we to wonder—for look but at France,
And see who are 'leading the national dance:'
See those that were low, bounding higher and higher,
And those who were high, sinking low in the mire;
See Bonaparte riding aloft in the gale,
And the silent Moreau in the shades of the vale;
Look how coblers and tinkers to power have got,
And powerful men put in prison to rot.

Then come, take a chair, and sit down at your ease;
You are heartily welcome—pray chuse what you please.
If digestion be good, and your appetite sound,
No nauseous repletion will ever be found;
But, regaling as much as you will on our store,
You 'll feel better and wiser, by far, than before.

ODE TO THE VENUS URANIA.

To heights, where fancy ne'er aspir'd,
In what blest region of the sky
Eludes, the Queen of Love retir'd,
The sophist's art, the poet's eye.

Not she for whom Cytherea's bowers,
Or Aphac's violated steep,
Or proud Assyria's guilty towers,
Licentious revels wont to keep.

Thee rather, modest nymph, I greet
The sage Athenian's chaster theme,
While echoed to his accents sweet,
The oliv'd roofs of Academe.

Still, Goddess, thy permitted view
Charms more than mortal can reveal,
Instruct each sense to nature true,
The eye to judge, the heart to feel.

Within us dwell those forms divine,
Which thy sole image can impart,
We rear to thee no marble shrine,
Whose living temple is the heart!

FROM THE FRENCH OF MALHERBE.

(*See Port Folio, p.* 60.)

Thy grief, Duperrier, then must be eternal,
And this thy sad discourse,
That harrows in thy mind the love paternal,
Add hourly to its force!

Thy daughter lost, and with the dead contounded,
Of all that live the fate,
A labyrinth is it, whence thy mind, asfounded,
Can ne'er be extricate?

She was of this world, where all things the rarest
Have still the shortest race;
A rose, she lived (so lives of flow'rs the fairest)
A little morning's space!

TO A FRIEND.

Her image, who enslaves my mind,
Urge me no longer to discover;
Fain would I sing, but ah! I find
The bard can ill express the lover.

Yet trust me, he whose happier skill,
For terms could ransack earth, air, ocean,
Might shew, perhaps, more wit at will,
But less of genuine emotion.

Though art the florid phrase deny,
Yet truth can never want expression;
For that best language of the eye
Is still in her's and love's possession.

EPIGRAM.

One day, when in preaching, a text spinning spark
The whole length of his body reach'd over the clerk,
And, stretching his neck, like a game cock in fighting,
Inveigh'd against chousing, and cheating, and biting.
Moses turn'd up his head, and said, 'Sir,
'while you 're preaching,
'Among all other crimes, you forget over-
'reaching.

The Price of the Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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